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THE
BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

1852.

CONDUCTED BY

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REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

“For Christ’s Crown and Covenant.”

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WM. S. YOUNG, PRINTER.

THE

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JANUARY, 1852.

INTRODUCTION.

THROUGH the long-suffering and forbearance of God, we have been permitted to enter upon a new year. For this, we should render the sacrifice of thanksgiving to Almighty God, in whom we live and move and have our being. "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." During the year which has just passed away, how many have fallen around us under the stroke of death! Some have died the death of the righteous and have entered into the saints' everlasting rest. In reference to all such, we hear a voice from heaven, saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Others, and we fear not a few, have been driven away in their wickedness, and have perished for ever in their sins. In reference to these, let our earnest prayer to God be, "Gather not my soul with sinners." While, however, many of all classes and conditions have been cut down, we in mercy are spared. Doubtless many of us have been barren fig trees in the Lord's vineyard, and none of us have been as fruitful in good works as we ought; but yet the vine-dresser seems to be pleading in our behalf, "Lord, let it alone this year also." To some who read these pages, this may be the last year of their existence upon earth. How solemn the reflection! What a powerful motive to renewed diligence and perseverance in the work of the Lord! God has more work for us to do, otherwise we would not be here. Let us then be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. We cannot but say with David, "We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." We should work then, while it is day, knowing that the night cometh in which no man can work. Let us feel that we are a year nearer eternity, and in view of our latter end and final account, let us pass the time of our sojourning here in fear.

In commencing the publication of a new volume of the Banner of the Covenant, our heart's desire is, to seek the good of our beloved Zion, and to promote the declarative glory of God. If it has been in any degree instrumental in doing good in time past, we are thankful, and ascribe all the glory to God, who "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," and hath promised that "the worm Jacob shall thresh the mountains." We issue the first number for the year 1852, earnestly imploring the Divine blessing to accompany the

publication, and make it instrumental in doing good. And as it is intended for the good of the whole church, may we not hope for the countenance and co-operation of all its ministers and members, especially, when it is known that the profits received are appropriated to the support of our Foreign Mission? The cause is good, and it should be well sustained. Let the list of subscribers be largely increased, and let the "Banner of the Covenant" be supported by the prayers, the influence and the contributions of our people, and then it will be a blessing not only to the church at home, but also to our mission in Saharanpur. We earnestly and respectfully ask fathers and brethren in the ministry to assist with their pens, in making the publication instructive and interesting to its readers. Shall we ask in vain? We sincerely hope that our request will be granted by many whose matured experience would enrich our pages. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." "Let God arise and plead his own cause." With these words inscribed upon our Banner, we display it for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

Practical Essays.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

OCCUPY TILL I COME.

So said the Master, as he gave a pound to each of his servants and went away. Do you profess obedience to him? Then you are one of his servants. Have you any of his property in your hands? Have you that sacred deposit which he gave to his servants when he was leaving them, to all without exception, and equally to each, a pound to every man,—have you the gospel? Opon it, look at the presentation leaf, Matthew xxviii. 19; you see you have only the loan of it. As he sent it to you, he sent this message with it, Occupy till I come. Do you ask, How am I to occupy the gospel? Trade with it. When he comes he will inquire how much you have gained by trading. You know how a trader follows his occupation. He advertises his goods, exhibits them to public view, recommends them, tells the price, and tries hard to induce his friends to purchase. So you must do with the gospel. Let the world know that you have it. Be not ashamed of Christ, or of his words before men. Show it in your life, and see that the sample is a fair one. Be prepared to recommend it, from your own experience of its excellence; and tell the terms of purchase—without money and without price; and urge your neighbours to accept it.

If you would succeed in Christ's business, you must attend to it,—

1. *Personally.* Personal attention is indispensable in any business, and religion is no exception to the rule. You cannot believe the gospel by proxy. You do not desire to enjoy the felicity of heaven through a representative. You cannot bring a man to endure the torments of hell for you. Why then do you dream of performing any of the duties of religion by proxy? Surely Satan has blinded the mind of the man who thinks he has done his duty to God and his neighbours, when he has paid a few dollars to a minister or a missionary. Did Christ tell nine of the servants to give their pounds to the tenth and pay him for trading with them? Did he not give a pound to *every man*, and will he not take

account of what *every man* has gained by trading? Deceive not yourself. The preacher or the Sabbath school teacher cannot perform your duty for you. He has his own duty to do, and it will be well for him if he has performed it when the Master comes. You may not be called upon to stand up as a public preacher of the gospel, but undoubtedly it is your duty to say, "Every man to his neighbour and every man to his brother, Know the Lord." From this duty you cannot be released. The fact that there are public preachers of the gospel, no more frees you from your obligation to make it known, than the fact that there are public guardians of the poor, would justify you in allowing a poor neighbour to starve at your door, while you had plenty of food in your house. What would you think of the wretches who should see the flames bursting from the windows of your house, and knowing that you and your children were asleep would pass on without giving the alarm, because there are watchmen whose duty it is to cry fire? Would you stand on the wharf and see a man drowning, and neglect to throw him the end of the rope in your hand, because there are police who should throw out the life-buoy? And as you saw him swept away by the current, and watched his drowning struggles, would you quiet your conscience by reflecting on the culpable neglect of duty of the officers, in thus allowing a man to perish? Do you believe there is a hell, and that your wicked neighbours are going on blindfold to it? And will you stand calmly by from day to day, and from Sabbath to Sabbath, and see your neighbours and their children swept down the current of sin, and one by one sinking into that gulf of perdition, without making one effort to save them? Does your conscience never reproach you for such murderous indifference? Can you really persuade yourself that it is the duty of preachers and Sabbath school teachers to attend to such things, but that you are free from the claims of humanity and religion? or do you think to justify yourself at the bar of God with Cain's question, Am I my brother's keeper? I am persuaded you cannot. Inconsistent as you are, your religion is not so utterly worthless as that. Pray God to forgive you the blood of many souls now in hell through your neglect, and begin a new course of conduct with the new year. Speak to your relatives, your children, your servants, your neighbours, warn them of their danger and point out the way of salvation. If you cannot speak much, lend them tracts; invite them to the house of God. Go out and gather the poor, ignorant children of your neighbourhood into the Sabbath school; sit down with them there, and endeavour to teach them the way of salvation. Put your Bible in your pocket, and go into the houses of your ungodly and ignorant neighbours, and ask leave to read a chapter of God's word to them. Engage yourself *personally* in this work; for just as certainly as *you* have a knowledge of the gospel of Christ he will take account of you, *individually*, how you have occupied it.

2. *Prayerfully.* Begin not till you have besought the Lord for his blessing. Ask him to give you some feeling of the value of immortal souls,—some sense of the awful realities of heaven and hell, that you may be serious and earnest in speaking of these things to unthinking men. Pray for a spirit of meekness and gentleness, that you may speak the truth in love, and bear patiently the opposition of the poor deluded slaves of sin. Ask for God's blessing on your attempts to do good. He can make the word of a child powerful. The most learned, pious and eloquent are not always the most blessed in the conversion of sinners. God will

show that the excellency of the power is from him, and perfects praise from the mouths of babes.

3. *Cheerfully.* It is an honourable work to which he calls you. He could convert sinners without you, but he will make you a partner in his own occupation. If you were sent with such a message as Jonah carried, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed," you might go sadly about the business. But he sends you with good news, glad tidings unto all people: "Unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." When you go on this errand he promises to go with you. Do not hang down your head like a bulrush then, or assume a melancholy look, or go as if some person were dragging you to an irksome employment. You have an honourable occupation, a joyful message, a noble companion. Occupy cheerfully.

4. *Steadily.* There are some persons occupied in Christ's work, but they are careless in it. They work by fits and starts. They attend the Sabbath school for a few Sabbaths with great zeal and cheerfulness; they will distribute tracts for a week or two with great energy;—then, fatigued by their exertions, fall off for a month, and begin again. Such irregular occupation is nearly useless. The class which such a person had gathered so zealously being neglected for a few Sabbaths, is scattered away, and the children are all in the lots and streets again. The good seed sown is lost, and the teacher will have very little profit to show the Master, when he comes. How would a trader succeed who should open his store for a few days, then shut it up and go away and amuse himself for awhile, and begin again? It is "the hand of the diligent that maketh rich." Do you be *diligent*, that you may be found of Him in peace. Occupy steadily.

5. *Perseveringly.* There are some occupied in Christ's business, but only for a time. They get tired in a short time, and they give it up; or they fall out with some fellow servant, and become so busily occupied with their quarrel, that they have no time to attend to their Master's business; or they take such offence that they throw up his employment entirely; or their own business increases so much that they cannot any longer attend to Christ's; or they get married, and think that is a very good excuse for leaving his employment. But, dear friend, let us not be tempted by any such pretences to cease working for Christ. He that puts his hand to the plough and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God. Let us work while it is day. The night will come soon enough, and when it comes, we will not be sorry if it find us at our Master's business, for you see the command he left us as he went away was,
Occupy till I come. R. P.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS NO REASON FOR NEGLECTING FOREIGN.

We have been often pained to hear many Christians so strongly urge the claims of Domestic Missions as to deny, in a great measure, the claims, of the millions in heathen lands, to whom the gospel has never been sent, and in support of which they quote so often the language of the holy apostle: "He that provideth not for his own hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." On this very subject hear, oh! doubting follower of the Lamb, the language of the Rev. Dr. Duff, who has spent twenty-five years of his useful and devoted life among the heathen.

"The position, in few words, is this: 'That so long as we have 'prac-

tical heathens' or unbelievers at home, we ought not to send either men or money to convert the heathen abroad;—and, in support of this position, the aphorism of the apostle is quoted and applied.

“Now this position I denounce, in the *first* place, as unsound and unscriptural, because it is in direct opposition to the whole proceedings and example of the holy apostle himself, during a life of labour, to which nothing similar or second is recorded in the biographies of all ages.

“The apostle himself, we know, gloried in proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ, not only to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles, who were ‘aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenant of promise.’ Yea, and in so doing he often seemed to glory, if possible, still more than in preaching to his own countrymen, whose were the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is ‘God over all, blessed for ever.’ Figure then to yourselves the inspired apostle, standing amid the barren wilds of Scythia, addressing a group of fierce roving barbarians, persuading them by the terrors of the law, and the ardours of that love which many waters could not quench, nor the floods of great waters drown, to repent of their sins, and arise and return to that heavenly Father, who, though he winked at the times of their past ignorance, now wills all men to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth; and is ready to welcome every returning penitent as a child, and order him to be clothed with the spotless robes of the Redeemer’s righteousness. All eyes are riveted, all hearts arrested. Some are filled with alarm by the upbraidings of an awakened conscience, and the anticipations of a coming judgment; and others are melted into tenderness at the yearnings of Divine compassion that stream from Calvary’s cross.

“But hark! suddenly a voice, in the name of Philanthropy, breaks in upon the moving scene. It is directed to the holy apostle:—‘Why, oh why, have you come hither? Are there not thousands, and tens of thousands, of the seed of Abraham—your own kinsmen according to the flesh—who as yet refuse to embrace Jesus of Nazareth as their long-expected Messiah, and who, by so refusing, fill up the measure of impending vengeance? Why, then, oh! why, have you thus forsaken your own unbelieving brethren in Judea and Jerusalem, and come hither, to the uttermost ends of the earth, to seek out and convert these rude barbarians, who are aliens in blood, language, and religion?’ ‘Avaunt!’—replies the holy apostle, with a vehement earnestness of truth, which, like the touch of Ithuriel’s spear, unmasks the reptile that daringly assumed the goodly form of Philanthropy—‘Avaunt! I know thy voice. Is Christ the Saviour of the Jews only? Is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also. I, therefore, as the disciple of the Lord Jesus, feel myself to be debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians—to the wise and the unwise. And in this I supremely glory, that in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the world, there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, male nor female. In Him all are one, and there is no difference.’

“In the *second* place, I might proceed at large to show, that the objector’s position is grossly unsound and unscriptural, because it is in *direct contradiction* to the parting *command* of our Lord and Saviour—in direct contradiction to the *entire spirit and design of the Christian economy*.

“This being the case, I would, with all the emphasis of an overwhelming conviction, assert and maintain that it is our duty, as a constituted Church of Christ, to do more, tenfold more, than we have ever yet done,

towards sending the glad tidings of salvation, *not only* to India, but, as speedily as possible, to *all* the unenlightened nations of the earth. And this I would assert and maintain, for the special reason among others, that by *such* faithful compliance with the divine command, and *such* harmonious concurrence with the spirit of Christianity, we might draw down a *larger* measure of the divine blessing on our own heads—and thus be the *better enabled more effectually to provide for the spiritual necessities of 'our own' people at home*, as well as arrest the execution of the divine decree that may speedily come forth, to remove our candlestick altogether, on account of a too long neglected and unfaithful stewardship.

“Consider Christianity in its essential spirit. Is it not, like the principle of life, communicative? and, like the principle of light, diffusive. If, then, we attempt to do violence to this, its essential spirit, by resolving that, so far as we are concerned, it shall not be communicated as spiritual life, nor diffused as spiritual light, among the benighted and famishing nations—how can we expect the fulness of the Divine blessing, even on those labours that are exclusively designed to promote its benign influence within our own narrow sphere at home?”

“Again, consider the Saviour’s parting command, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ Is it not unambiguous in its language, and peremptory in its authority? Taken in immediate connexion with the annexed promise, ‘Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,’—is it not clear as day, that there is not a command in the Decalogue more absolutely obligatory on the world at large, than this on the Christian Church? If, therefore, any Church of Christ should presume to neglect or despise this solemn injunction of its Divine Head and Redeemer, how can it expect the fulness of his blessing even in carrying on the great work of reclaiming sinners and edifying saints within its own circumscribed boundary at home?”

ENLARGED BENEVOLENCE INDISPENSABLE.

FELLOW CHRISTIAN, you profess to value the salvation which Jesus has purchased for you. You profess to believe that there is no other method of salvation. Thousands, millions, hundreds of millions of your fellow-men needing the same salvation, are dying without hope, without pardon, without knowing that there is a Saviour; passing into a miserable eternity. Can you feel indifferent to their situation? Can you unmoved know that they thus perish? Does not your heart pain you as you think of their situation, their prospect of eternal misery? Does conversion change an enemy into a friend of Jesus, a sinner into a child of God, one who “scatters” into one who “gathers” with the servants of the Redeemer; and does this not honour the Saviour by manifesting the efficacy of his salvation? Is his glory and honour increased by every conversion, and will you dare to feel indifferent to his honour? Will you allow duty, love, gratitude, and obedience to urge you, and yet refuse to comply? If you will, be assured of this truth, that you have no part in the redemption of Christ.

But instrumentalities must be employed. Men must preach and teach their fellow-men those things which God has revealed from heaven to them. But while they tell them of the salvation which is perfected in Jesus, they must be supported and their undertakings upheld. To do this requires money. And, as the undertakings increase, the influences be-

come more extended, and the exertions more energetic, more and more money becomes needful, more men are needed, and a more enlarged benevolence must supply the want.

With this in our minds, it becomes a suitable question for every Christian to ask himself, "Have I done the utmost in my ability, and in the use of every known means, to extend the kingdom of the Saviour over the hearts of men?" Societies, framed and operating for the extension of this kingdom, are engaged in the work; their efforts have been to a great degree blessed; all together are making great progress in the successful prosecution of their object, and their exertions are only limited by the want of means. Duty and love for souls urge us to do the utmost to assist them. Shall we not, then, think of what our Saviour has done for us, and shall we not do something to show that we appreciate the sacrifice which he made, by making some sacrifice for his honour, by denying ourselves some indulgence, that we may be able to do more for him? Duty is plain, and God knows the feelings of your heart. He has given you all you possess, as well as all you are acquiring. He asks you for some of that which belongs to him; will you not give it willingly, abundantly, cheerfully? Oh! do not say that you will not, do not say that you will remember God in your will; but *now*, while Christ's cause needs your utmost assistance, give it the utmost. Remember, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." Be not satisfied, then, with doing any less than your utmost; confine not your exertions to one effort; but, regarding all mankind as claiming your assistance and sympathetic pity, let your exertions be directed in behalf of all, and enlarged benevolence, enlarged joy, enlarged satisfaction shall be the pleasant fruit.

But we must not forget that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit" that these means shall be made effectual. Let each one of us, then, regarding God with the same feeling which a child has for a parent when it asks a gift, ask our Father who is in heaven, that he will, in his own good time and his own good way, be pleased to guide, direct, and control every effort made to extend the kingdom of the Redeemer, so that they may be made effectual by the co-operation of his Holy Spirit, and that they may all be made to honour him and promote the salvation of the souls of our dying fellow-men. Let each and all of us thus regard the petition, "Thy kingdom come;" let us each thus pray for the granting of our petitions, and in heaven we shall receive the reward which he hath said, "Him that honoureth me I will honour," he shall, in the fulness of his love and favour, bestow upon those who have endeavoured to honour him by extending his kingdom. "Preach the gospel to every creature." "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "He that believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" "Hereby we perceive the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; but whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother (or fellow-man) have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—(*Journal of Missions.*)

F—N. Y.

R.

Miscellaneous.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

SKETCHES OF THE WEST.

According to a suggestion, which some time since appeared in the *Banner*, I send you a brief description of our locality.

Information is asked respecting the following particulars, viz.:—Locality, health, price of farms, market, wages and rent.

1. Walnut Hill Prairie Congregation occupies the geographical centre of Southern Illinois; being about midway between Springfield, the state capital, and Cairo, north and south, and St. Louis and Vincennes, east and west. The central rail-road from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, will run within a few miles of the church edifice; and the Ohio and Mississippi rail-road, from Cairo to St. Louis, according to the survey, will pass within nine miles, placing the church within some ten or twelve miles of the main intersection of these thoroughfares, from which the Chicago branch diverges. This point, being the geographical centre of Southern Illinois, and the focus of two or more of the most important rail-roads in the west, which will be completed in less than five years, must be the most important place in the south of the state. This any one can see by consulting his map, which will inform him of its accessibility from all points of the compass.

2. Health. I have seen no point in the north-west where better health generally is enjoyed. This may be said of all Southern Illinois, with the exception of low, marshy grounds, such as are found upon rivers and large streams. The same exception must be made in most counties.

3. Price of land. Here we have a peculiar state of things. The same quality of lands, with the same flattering prospects as to great thoroughfares in other places, would range in price much higher. Farms can be readily secured at prices varying from three to six dollars per acre; and in many cases excellent land can be secured for a less price. No country offers stronger inducements for the man of limited means.

4. Our market up to the present has been the flourishing city of St. Louis, which is distant about 70 miles. This distance from market has retarded the growth of our country, but will not do so any longer, from the fact that we are now at that point in our history, that market, or rather choice of markets, will be brought to our door. The central rail-road of Illinois, extending from Cairo to Peru, and thence one branch to Galena and another to Chicago, will open up the markets north and south. The company are bound to finish this road in six years, though much of it will be completed in half the time. The Ohio and Mississippi road will give us an outlet east and west—so that instead of being the most remote from market, we will enjoy the first advantages in this important item.

5. Wages are from ten to twelve dollars per month.

6. The route from Philadelphia or New York is via Pittsburgh and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

SCRAPS ON INDIA.

A description of the principal Hindu castes next claims our attention.

The Brahmins, as already intimated, are considered the superior class. Formerly, their standing was much higher than at present. When the country was governed by Hindu rulers, the brahmins were invariably

treated as deities incarnate: nay, their displeasure was far more dreaded than that of the gods themselves. Even their kings stood in awe of them. One of their shasters informs us that a great and good king of former times, by some means offended the son of a brahmin, a mere child, who, to be avenged for the affront, cursed the offender, to the effect that in one week he should lose his life by the bite of a venomous serpent. The king was soon informed of the young brahmin's curse, and instead of punishing the young rascal for his wickedness, said that quite a piece of kindness had been shown him. According to the account, the king seemed to be well aware that escape was utterly impossible. He therefore, meekly submitted to his untimely fate; and at the specified time paid the penalty of death for the affront offered to a hopeful scion of a lordly priesthood.

According to Manu, their great lawgiver, "A brahmin is the chief of all created beings; the world and all in it are his: through him, indeed, other mortals enjoy life; by his imprecation he could destroy a king, [see above,] with his troops, elephants, horses and cars; could frame other worlds and regents of worlds, and could give new being to new gods and new mortals. A brahmin is to be treated with more respect than a king. His life and person are protected by the severest laws in this world, and the most tremendous denunciations for the next. He is exempt from capital punishment even for the most enormous crimes. His offences against other classes are treated with remarkable lenity, while all offences against him are punished with tenfold severity."

The brahmin's life is considered as divided into four periods. Manu, the lawgiver above mentioned, gives specific directions respecting the duties peculiar to each of these periods.

"The first quarter of a brahmin's life he must spend as a student; during which time he leads a life of abstinence and humiliation." The Veda, of course, are to be the objects of his deepest and most unremitting attention during the period of his studies. During this period, he is to perform the most menial services, and, no matter what his worldly circumstances may be, must beg his bread from door to door. The study of the Veda is indeed a most formidable task; and years of unremitting toil are necessary to become, even to a small extent, acquainted with any one of the four great Hindu shasters.* When will the period arrive in which the Hindu student shall devote his energies to the study of the sacred oracles, instead of the unmeaning, idolatrous Veda? C.

PRAYERS RETURNED.—A coloured man walked out in London, and observed a stonecutter at work upon a block of granite which was to be placed in the walls of an elegant building near at hand. Addressing the stonecutter, he spoke of another building more elegant and durable than the one which he was erecting. The stonecutter asked him where? The coloured man replied in heaven. God had prepared mansions for those who love him, which far surpassed, in elegance and beauty, any ever erected by man. The stonecutter asked him where he had learned these things? He replied, in Western Africa, from a missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society, and that he had come to England to obtain an education, and return to preach the gospel to his countrymen. The stonecutter replied, "I have been praying for the conversion of the heathen the last twenty years, and have contributed a penny a-week for this object. I bless God that I am permitted to see and converse with a converted heathen. God has answered my prayers."—*Ch. Treasury.*

* A description of the four Veda may form the subject of a separate scrap.

THE BIBLE.—Let me entreat you to peruse the Bible itself. With prayer, with expectation, with eyes alert and open, read it; in your most tranquil retirement read it: and when a few of you, who are friends like-minded come together, read it; search it, sift it, talk about it, talk with it. And as he thus grows mighty in it, I promise each earnest Bible student two rewards—it will make him both a wiser and a holier man.

Wiser; for the sayings of God's word are solid. There is a substance which you must have noticed, cast on the sea-shore, the medusa, or sea-nettle, as some sorts of it are called; an object rather beautiful as its dome of amber quivers in the sun. And a goodly size it often has, so large at times that you could scarcely lift it; but it is all a watery pulp, and if you were carrying it home or trying to preserve it, the whole mass would quickly trickle out of sight and leave you nothing but a few threads of substance. Now, most books are like the marine medusa: fresh stranded, newly published, as the expression is, they make a goodly show; but when a few suns have shone on them, the crystal jelly melts, the glittering cupola has vanished, and a few meagre fibres in your memory are all the residue of the once popular authorship. If you ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas, which survive from the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first perusal, on reverting to them you find that many of them are not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders there. And just as the pearls of Scripture retain their intrinsic worth; as notwithstanding the frowsy headgear they have garnished, the dull disclosures they have adorned, they beam brighter than ever when the hand of a Vinet or Chalmers or Hall has arranged them anew in a coronet of sanctified taste and genius; so he among sages is the wealthiest man who has detected and appropriated and thoroughly possessed himself of the largest number of Bible sayings—the merchantman who, seeking goodly pearls, has sought them on this exhaustless strand.

And holier; for though we have this evening spoken of the Bible very much as if it were a human book, you cannot be long conversant with it till you find that it is something more. Like Tabor, it is a "mountain apart." Among the books of this world it is isolated, unique, peculiar; and the further up you get, the more acquainted you become with human books, and the more alongside of them you study the book of God, the more amazed will you be at its outstanding elevation, its world-topping pre-eminence. And just as in scaling a high mountain, it needs no chemistry to analyze the air and tell the pilgrim that it is free from miasma and impurities—as every breath which paints a purer crimson on his cheek and sends a tonic tide through all his frame would tell him its salubrity; so it needs no argument, no analysis, to persuade a spiritual mind that the air of heaven, the breath of God, is here. In his holier feelings as he reads, in the godly zeal and joyful strenuousness which requite each mountain footstep, with instinct sure his regenerate nature hails the congenial inspiration. And just as on Tabor's summit, when from heaven saints in snowy garments came down, and from Christ his own glory

came through, it needed no refracting prism or condensing lens to assure them that it was a body of more than earthly brightness which they were gazing upon; so, my dear friends, when a text is transfigured, when the Holy Spirit in the word lets out his grace and glory, it will need no Paley nor Butler to prove that the wisdom and the power of God are there, but, radiant with emitted splendor, and dazzling your admiring eyes, in God's own light you will see it to be God's own word. Nor can I wish for you a better wish, than that thus you may be often surprised and overwhelmed. Yes, dear brethren, in the very midst of this noisy capital, and in the meridian of this man-wasting, money-making age, may you often find your Sabbath, and your place of prayer, and your Bible, "a mountain apart." In blissful bewilderment may you forget the fascinations of earth and the pleasures of sin, and only wake up to find yourself alone with the Master. And none shall less grieve than he who has this evening addressed you, if the literary attractions of the book be thus merged and superseded in charms more spiritual, in attractions which, if they draw you to the Bible, will also draw you at last to heaven.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

PAUL AS PASSENGER.

[The vigour and practical pointedness of this paper will, we hope, induce our readers to excuse its quaintness. It is taken from the *Puritan Recorder*—a transatlantic contemporary to whom we have been often indebted.—EDINBURGH CHRIS. TREAS.]

Some people go to sea because they love to go. Paul went because he had to go. "They delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius." And fairly at sea, it is worth while to see what sort of a voyage he had, and especially what sort of a passenger he was. Some people who are of very fair character on shore and at home, become as rude and reckless as the winds at sea. "No conscience off soundings," is their motto. Let us, therefore, look after Paul.

The sea is a fierce and rough old fellow, and when out of temper, knocks people about without mercy, saint, savage, sage, all alike. And the ship even that carried so good a man as Paul could not escape a specimen of the sorrow that is on the sea.

Paul, the passenger, who could give such good advice about the way of being saved, was a man of common sense, too, about other matters, and could drop a word of wisdom even about sea affairs. He cautioned the seamen about leaving Crete, a port they took in their way; but they slighted his counsel, and well they got paid for it. It cost them untold hardship and trouble, and the ship, as a part of the price, left her timbers for kindling wood for the people of Malta. Ministers are sometimes said to be fools out of their own profession. But here certainly was an exception. Their advice is sometimes worth a trifle in worldly matters. Paul could "bear a hand" in a storm. He did not shrink away into the cabin as if he were a delicate gentleman who must not be roughly smitten of the winds, nor spattered with salt water, nor soil dainty hands with hard labour. He took hold "with a will" just where he was wanted, and did his duty like a man. See the record: "And the third day, we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship." Paul at a rope! To be sure; and there was not a more appropriate place for him in the universe at that precise juncture. He was as really serving his Master when pitching the ship's lading overboard, as when he was dashing a Pharisee's false hope to pieces, or making a Felix tremble with the thunder of his eloquence.

And Paul, the passenger, could not only help to lighten the labouring ship, but he could lighten labouring hearts by his own animated soul and voice. In that doleful tempest which had wearied them many days, and all hope was taken away that they should be saved, and long abstinence had weakened their bodies, and the deepest gloom was settling down upon their minds,—in the midst of all this Paul lifts up his cheering voice. Loud and clear the pleasant notes rang through the ship: "And now I exhort you all to be of good cheer!"

Some men, and good men too, sink with the despondency which fills other men's minds, and they all go down together in the slough of despond, and splash about together there. But it is no easy thing to get such a man as Paul down there. There were plenty of people there during this tempest without him. He could not afford to give them his company. And he had a basis for his cheering words. For a mission from above had given him assurance that, though they were to suffer shipwreck, yet not a life should be lost. And it did his loving soul good to be able to give such a word of comfort to his shipmates.

And Paul the passenger was at hand, too, to expose and prevent the miserably selfish scheme of the sailors to get privily into the boat and save themselves, and leave the rest to perish. He fearlessly resisted the effort, announcing, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." And men who had once scorned his voice, now saw Paul was a man of sense if he was a prisoner and a preacher. His voice sharpened the knives of the soldiers, and, cutting the line that held the boat, she floated away, nobody the better for her.

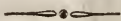
Neither was our passenger the man to fail of giving wholesome counsel touching the natural wants of his shipmates. They were weakened by long abstinence from food. Paul cared as really for the body as for the soul. Some disciples, in an ill-judged zeal for the latter, sometimes overlook the former. And we have heard of certain who could seemingly pray with great fervency for their neighbour's salvation, who would scowl like a chilly day in November on them, if they should seek a temporal favour at their hands. But our passenger's religion had breathed another atmosphere. He sympathized in the bodily wants of those about him. "Wherefore I pray you take some meat, for this is for your health." And he kindly and skilfully sharpened their appetite by those sweet and animating words: "For there shall not a hair fall from your heads."

And Paul's religion was not like Sabbath clothes, packed away, and forthcoming only at intervals. It was bubbling up all the while like a perennial spring. He would honour God before the whole ship's company. "He took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all." Some omit grace at meals if strangers are present. That is not Paul-like. He would confess the Father of mercies whenever opportunity offered.

Some passengers so demean themselves during a voyage, that, when it ends, they are very low in the captain's opinion. But Paul's deportment made a very deep and happy impression upon the centurion who had him in charge. And Paul owed his own life to the excellence of his deportment: for when the soldiers advised to kill the prisoners, lest they should escape, the centurion, "willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose." It stood to his account that he had behaved well at sea. And it was a great mercy to the other prisoners that Paul, their associate, was so well behaved; for it was on *his account* that their lives were spared. If one Jonah endangered a ship's company, one Paul caused safety to another.

What a mercy were all passengers on ship-board as well-behaved as Paul! What different scenes would transpire in the cabin; and what a happy influence might go out from thence to the fore-castle. He was a Christian gentleman in his entire deportment. There was not an officer, sailor, or soldier on board that ship through the long voyage and through all those trying scenes, that saw him, at any time, off his balance. Contrary winds did not chafe and fret him. Ungodly shipmates did not ridicule him or frighten him out of his religion—imminent danger did not disturb the peaceful serenity of his mind. He was cheerful with a happy conscience, and a capital specimen he was of what a Christian may be at sea. Navigators had better carry all the Pauls to sea they can find to accompany them. Such passengers are rare.

Paul's passage money came out of the treasury of paganism. Satan made such a stir about him, that he was driven from his field of labour. But it cost him nothing to get conveyed three or four hundred leagues; and no comfort could it have been to Satan that the passenger Paul went free of cost; had a good congregation to preach to all the way, and entered a new and more important field than ever, even Imperial Rome. It is not often that heathenism transports, at its own cost, such a passenger as Paul.



CURSING AND SWEARING.—The Dublin Evening Mail says, that an order has been issued to such commanding officers of regiments as are in the habit of cursing and swearing when giving orders on parade, to desist from such vulgar and degrading practices, or to retire from the service.

TRIALS OF A HINDU CONVERT.

The following thrilling narrative in the history of the conversion of a young Hindu man is from the pen of that eminent missionary servant of God, the *Rev. Dr. Duff*, whose fervid eloquence has been the means of promoting so extensively the kingdom of Christ:—

“It was about nine in the evening; and if any one here has been in that far distant land, he will know what the external scene was, when I say it was on the banks of the Ganges, and under the full effulgence of an Indian moon, whose brightness almost rivals the noonday glory of the sun in these northern climes. Two or three had resolved, as friends, to go along with this individual, and witness a spectacle never before seen by us, and perhaps not soon again to be seen by Europeans. It was heart-rending throughout. Having reached the outer door of the house, the elder brother of this young man advanced towards him, and looking at him wistfully in the face, began first to implore him by the most endearing terms as a brother, that he would not bring this shame and disgrace upon himself and his family—which was a most respectable one. Again and again did he earnestly appeal to him by the sympathies, and the tenderness, and the affection of a brother. The young man listened, and with intense emotion simply in substance replied, ‘That he had now found out what error was, that he had now found out what truth was, and that he was resolved to cling unto the truth.’ Finding that this argument had failed, he began to assert the authority of the elder brother, an authority sanctioned by the usages of the people. He endeavoured to show what power he had over him, if he cruelly brought this disgrace upon his family. The young man still firmly replied, ‘I have found out what error is, I have found out what truth is, and I have resolved to cling unto the truth.’ The brother next held out bribes and allurements. There was nothing which he was not prepared to grant. There was no indulgence whatever which he would not allow him in the very bosom of the family—indulgences absolutely prohibited, and regarded as abhorrent in the Hindu system—if he would only stop short of the last and awful step of baptism, the public sealing of his foul and fatal apostacy. The young man still resolutely adhered to his simple but emphatic declaration!

“It was now, when every argument had finally failed, that his aged mother, who had all the while been present within the reach of hearing, though we knew it not, raised a *howl of agony, a yell of horror*, which it is impossible for imagination to conceive. It pierced into the heart, and made the very flesh creep and shiver. The young man could hold out no longer. He was powerfully affected, and shed tears. With uplifted arms, and eyes raised to heaven, he forcibly exclaimed, ‘*No: I cannot stay!*’ And this was the last time he ever expected to hold converse with his brethren or his mother!

“I could not help feeling then, and have often thought since, how sovereign the grace of God! If it be said that the Hindu character is griping and avaricious, divine grace is stronger still, and is able to conquer it. If it is yielding and fickle—ay, fickle as the shifting quicksands—divine grace can give it consistency and strength. If it is feeble and cowardly, divine grace can make the feeble powerful, and convert the coward into a moral hero. What signal testimony do such triumphs bear to the power of the everlasting gospel!”

“GO, WORK TO-DAY.”—Yes, Christian, God tells you, “Son, go, work to-day in my vineyard.” Do you hear it? God *has* a vineyard. It is on the richest soil. It has a beautiful situation. It is planted with the choicest vines. The most delicious fruits grow there. Their yield, though not great at first, is greater than any other; but it will be greater and greater, and never fail. When all other vineyards are barren and deserted, this will be green and flourishing.

But there is a great deal of work to do. It calls for all hands. It is no place for idlers. God invites none but workers into his vineyard. If you are not inclined to work, keep out of the way of others. Let not the church nor the world be corrupted by the unworthy example of a professed Christian who won't work for his Master. Away with you to the more fit society of drones.

But, son, go work; ay, work. Surely you cannot refuse to work for such a Master. He asks you to do no work which he would not do himself. His motto was, “I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh in which no man *can* work.” And so in truth was He, that in a very short time he could say with truth to his Father: “I have glorified thee on earth. I have *finished the work* which thou gavest me to do.” And then he said to his disciples—yea, and to you, reader: “As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.” He sent you to work. Will you do it?

WHEN? He says, “Go, work *to-day*.” Is there not something which you can do for Him to-day? Is there no offended brother to whom you could be reconciled? No sick one whom you might visit? No suffering one to relieve? Could you not speak a word to rouse poor, thoughtless sinners? Could you not work in preparing to instruct in the Sabbath school? Could you not visit some family with a tract or religious book, or persuade them to take a religious periodical? Could you do it *to-day*? *Would* you do it, if the glory of your Master and the salvation of souls were as dear to your heart as your own worldly interests?

Remember, “*the night cometh!*” Oh, what a night that will be to the idle Christian! *Idle Christian*, did I say?—to the idle *professor!*—for an idle *Christian* is an impossibility. When that idle professor shall stand in outer darkness, with chattering teeth and aching frame, crying, “Lord, Lord, open to me! I have eaten and drunk in thy presence,” how black will be the darkness which will wind its awful pall around him, as the last ray of hope expires, and the blackness of despair fills his sinking heart!

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.—During the war at the beginning of the present century, as a British vessel of the navy was one night running close to the coast of Barbary, the officers on deck heard some one singing. In a moment they were convinced that he was singing the Old Hundred psalm tune. They immediately conjectured that the singer was a Christian captive, and determined to attempt his rescue. Twenty stout sailors, armed with pistols and cutlasses, manned the ship's boat and approached the shore. Directed by the voice of a singing prayer, they soon reached the abode of the Christian captive. It was a little hut at the bottom of his master's garden on the mouth of a small river. They burst open the door and took him from his knees, and in a few minutes he was on the ship's deck frantic with joy.

The account that he gave of himself was, that his name was M'Donald; that he was a native of Scotland, and had been a captive eighteen years. He had obtained the confidence of his master, was chief gardener, and had the privilege of living by himself. He said he was not at all surprised when they burst open his door, for the Turks had often done so, and whipped him while on his knees.

THE TWO HOUSES.—I once knew a rich man who determined to have a very large and beautiful house built for himself. He bought a piece of ground in a beautiful part of the city, and took great pains to have the house built in the best manner. There were many spacious rooms and wide halls. It was planned so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. No expense was spared to have it as comfortable and complete a dwelling as could be made. No doubt he looked forward to many years of enjoyment in his new and elegant house.

At the same time that this large house was preparing for himself and family, he had another built for them. And there was a great difference between the two; for the second house had but one small room for the whole family, and that room was mostly under ground. It had, indeed, strong walls, and was built of marble, but it had no windows, and but one small door, and that was made of iron. What a contrast there was between the wide and lofty mansion, so bright and handsome, and the low building under the willow tree, which one would scarcely notice! Yet these two houses were built for the same people. The one was for the *living* family, the other for the *dead*. For the low house under the tree is the vault into which their bodies are to be placed, as one after another shall be called away from life.

The vault was soon finished, and it was ready long before the large house. And into which of these houses do you think the rich owner himself went first to take up his abode? Strange as it may seem, he was ready for the vault before the fine dwelling was ready for *him*; and many months before the spacious rooms of the new house were fit to be inhabited, its builder was laid in the narrow, dark, and cold apartment, which he will not leave until the earth shall give up its dead at the last day.

This is a fact which ought to fix the attention of the young. To you, every thing in life seems bright and happy, and promising great enjoyment; and you forget its end, or imagine it is too far off to be thought of. *The house of the living* is so large and beautiful that it hides from our sight *the house of the dead*. But remember that, like the man I have been telling you of, you may have to lie down in the silent grave before you have entered upon the pleasures of life which you are expecting. If you will be wise, you will live and act in such a manner as to be prepared both for life and death: to enjoy the one, and not to fear the other. The Saviour has declared, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." This is true in the most important sense possible. The true believer, whose sins are pardoned, and who is accepted in Christ, has the promise of a house which is not made with hands, but is eternal; not in this perishing world, but in the heavens. And the passage from this life to that is not to *die* as the world speaks of death; it is to fall asleep on earth, and awake with God.—*Chr. Treas.*

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.—"O, would that it might always be winter!" said Ernest, when he had finished a man of snow, and was riding in a sledge. His father told him to write this wish in his memorandum-book, and he did so. Winter passed away and spring came.

Ernest stood with his father upon a flower-bed, on which hyacinths, auriculas and daffodils were blooming, and was almost beside himself with joy. "This is one of the pleasures of spring," said his father, "but it will soon pass away."

"Ah," replied Ernest, "would that it were always spring!" "Write this wish in my memorandum book, also," said his father; and he did so. Spring passed away and summer came. Ernest went with his parents and several of his playmates, on a warm summer's day, to the neighbouring village, and they remained there the whole day. They saw all around them

green corn-fields, and meadows adorned with a thousand flowers, and pastures upon which young lambs were dancing, and wanton foals were skipping about. They ate cherries and other summer fruit, and enjoyed themselves right well the whole day.

"Don't you think," said his father, on their return, that summer also has its enjoyments?" "O," replied Ernest, "I wish that it would always be summer!"

He was obliged to write this also in his father's memorandum-book. At last, autumn came. The whole family spent a day in the vineyard. It was not so hot as in summer, and the air was mild and the heavens clear. The vines hung with ripe grapes; upon the hot-beds were lying savoury melons, and the boughs of the trees bent down with ripe fruit. This was indeed a feast for Ernest, who liked nothing so well as fruit. "This fair season," said his father, "will soon be gone; winter is already near at hand, in order to drive away autumn." "Ah!" said Ernest, "I wish it would stay away, and that it would always be autumn!" "Do you really wish that?" asked his father. "Really," was his answer. "But," continued his father, while he drew his memorandum-book from his pocket, "look one moment what is written here; pray read." "I wish that it might always be winter!" "And now read here, what is written upon this page." "I wish that it were always spring!" "And what is on this page here?" "I wish that it might always be summer!" "Do you know," he continued, "the hand that wrote this?" "I wrote it," replied Ernest. "And what did you write just now?" "I wished that it might always be autumn!"

"That is very singular," said his father. "In winter, you wish it would always be winter; in spring, that it would always be spring; in summer, that it would always be summer; and in autumn, that it would always be autumn. Consider what follows from this—that all seasons of the year are good. Yes, that they are all rich in enjoyments, rich in manifold blessings, and the great God understands the making of worlds much better than we poor mortals. Had winter depended upon you, then we would have had no spring, no summer, no autumn. You would have bedecked the earth with an everlasting snow, only in order that you might ride in a sledge and make men of snow. And how many other enjoyments would we then have been compelled to do without! It is well that it does not depend upon us how things shall be in this world, for how soon would we deteriorate it, if we could!"

QUESTIONS FOR SOMEBODY.—1. The building in which the church worships, of which you are a member, cost a large sum of money before it was fitted to accommodate a congregation. When would that church edifice have been built, if the other members of the church had taken no more interest in the matter than you have ever taken, or had left the contributions necessary to meet the expense just when you left them?

2. In order to maintain public worship, and secure the observance of the ordinances of the gospel, the church elected a pastor, and pledged themselves to support him. If all the members of the church, according to their means, had paid into the treasury as you have paid, according to your means, what kind of support would the pastor have received?

3. In carrying on the public worship of God certain incidental expenses must necessarily be incurred, such as lighting, warming, and cleaning, sometimes repairing. If all the church had acted as you have done in these respects, how would the church have been lighted, warmed, cleaned, or repaired?

4. To keep up a high degree of spirituality, and promote brotherly love, the church of which you are a member appointed a weekly prayer-meeting.

If all the members had attended as you have attended, how long would that prayer-meeting have been kept up?

5. The denomination of Christians to which you belong, including the church of which you are a member, are engaged in an active struggle with the powers of darkness, at home and in foreign lands; and to wage this war with any reasonable prospect of success, prayer must be offered, money contributed, men raised up and sent into the field of conflict. If all professing Christians were to pray for and contribute to this object, as you pray for and contribute to it—if the world is to be converted by human agency, when would it be converted?—*Edin. Christian Treasury.*

THE CLOCK OF DESTINY.—“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.” As if he had said, Mortality is a huge time-piece wound up by the Almighty Maker; and after he has set it a-going, nothing can stop it till the angel swears that time shall be no longer. But here it ever vibrates and ever advances—ticking one child of Adam into existence, and ticking another out. Now it gives the whirr of warning, and the world may look out for some great event; and presently it fulfils its warning, and rings in a noisy revolution. But there! as its index travels on so resolute and tranquil, what tears and raptures attend its progress! It was only another wag of the sleepless pendulum; but it was fraught with destiny, and a fortune was made—a heart was broken—an empire fell. We cannot read the writing on the mystic cogs as they are coming slowly up; but each of them is coming on God’s errand, and carries in graven brass a divine decree. Now, however—now that the moment is past, we know; and in the fulfilment we can read the fiat. This instant was to say to Solomon, “Be born;” this other was to say to Solomon in all his glory, “Die!” That instant was to “plant” Israel in Palestine; that other was to “pluck him up.” And thus, inevitable, inexorable, the great clock of human destiny moves on, till a mighty hand shall grasp its heart and hush for ever its pulse of iron.

See how fixed, how fated is each vicissitude! how independent of human control! There is “a time to be born,” and however much a man may dislike the era on which his existence is cast, he cannot help himself: that time is his, and he must make the most of it. Milton need not complain that his lot is fallen on evil days; for these are *his* days and he can have no other. Roger Bacon and Galileo need not grudge their precious being, that they have been prematurely launched into the age of inquisitors and knowledge-quenching monks,—for this age was made to make them. And so with the time to die. Voltaire need not offer half his fortune to buy six weeks reprieve; for if the appointed moment has arrived, it cannot pass into eternity without taking the skeptic with it. And even good Hezekiah—his tears and prayers would not have turned the shadow backward, had that moment of threatened death been the moment of God’s intention. Yes, there is a time to die; and though we speak of an *untimely* end, no one ever died a moment sooner than God designed, nor lived a moment longer. And so there is a time to plant. The impulse comes on the man of fortune, and he lays out his spacious lawn, and studs it with massive trees; and he plants his garden, and in the sods imbeds the rarest and richest flowers, or he piles up little mounds of blossomed shrubbery, till the place is dazzled with bright tints and dizzy with perfume. And that impulse fades away, and in the fickleness of sated opulence the whole is rooted up and converted into wilderness again. Or by his own or a successor’s fall, the region is doomed to destruction; and when strangling nettles have choked the geraniums and the lilies, and, crowded into atrophy, the lean plantations grow tall and branchless, the axe of an enterprising purchaser clears the dank thickets away, and his ploughshare turns up the weedy parterre. There is a time when to interfere with disease is to destroy; when to touch the patient is to take his life; and there is a time when the simplest medicine will effect a marvellous cure. There is a time when the invader is too happy to dismantle the fortress which so long kept him at bay; but by-and-by, when he needs it as a bulwark to his own frontiers, with might and main he seeks to build it up again. Nor can one fix a date and say, I shall spend that day merrily, or I must spend it mournfully. The day fixed for the wedding may prove the day for the funeral; and the ship which was to bring back the absent brother, may only bring his coffin. On the other hand, the day we had destined for mourning, God may turn to dancing, and may gird it with irresistible gladness.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

ANOTHER YEAR IS GONE!—Gone! And where has it gone? Answer, my soul, and answer thoughtfully, for there is reason in being thoughtful now. The answer has mighty interests in it for thee? Whither has this year gone?

It has gone before thee, O soul, to judgment. In the invisible, within the veil that hides the eternal from the temporal, there is a book of records kept, and a pen that records indelibly the reports of every rolling year. This 1852 has just stepped in, and has been registered in the book of remembrance. What record has been made of thee, my soul? Let us try to read. Three pages seem to be written over; and on one of them I see inscribed, the *sins* of the year; on the next, the *sorrows* of the year; and on the last, the *joys* of the year.

The sins of the year. This is a dark page, and I read it with shame. Its record is divided again into sins of omission, and sins of commission; and the number is so great that I cannot count them. More than a thousand opportunities of doing good have been neglected, as many of getting good, and I have nothing to answer for my sinful neglect. I might have done more for my Master, more for his church and his cause, and his people. I might have sought out the poor, and relieved them, poured oil and wine into the wounds of the wayside dying, and shed some joy in the dwelling-place of the stricken and desolate. My sabbaths have not been improved; and how many sermons and privileges I have wasted, that now stand out in this register as the sins of a year! And these are not the worst of my sins. I have grieved the Saviour by coldness in his service; withheld my hand when it was needed, and have done those things that I ought not to have done, as well as left undone many that I should have done. Unhalowed thoughts, hasty, harsh, and bitter words, and not a few acts, that no charity can overlook, are written down against me, and I can only lay my hand upon my mouth, and say, *I have sinned.*

The sorrows of the year are written there, and through my tears I read them now. There is the fresh grave of one who began the year with as bright a prospect of its close as any one ever had; but long ere midsummer, the clods were on his breast. And there is the fresher grave of another, and another; and, as we have wept at the loss of each of them, so now the tears flow freely as memory brings them back, with the sad assurance, that we shall see them no more. And there are other friends, whom we have lost, whose graves are not yet dug; who loved us, and have ceased to love us. Every year is marked by the loss of some who *change*, and he is blessed who never has to mourn such loss. The year has seen the wreck of hopes, that were bright as spring when it opened; now blighted and buried, and no tears have been more bitter than those we have shed over their graves. The heart has been wrung with anguish by sorrows that we would not read aloud even from the book of God's remembrance—secret griefs that prey on the soul, and will not be assuaged. And then there are sorrows of other years, that throw their shadows over this, deepening as time wears away. We cannot forget; we would not, for worlds, forget, the loved ones that we lost a long time ago, and the wounds their loss made are bleeding yet, and will bleed till we are by their side. Alas! for the sorrows of 1851; they are many and sad, and we weep again as they come to us in this brief review.

And its joys have not been few. O no! First, and before all, the joys of His smile whose favour is life, has often been ours, and would have been ours at all times, but for the *sins* that rose, cloudlike, and hid his face from us, or clothed it with a frown. There has been joy in the domestic circle; the smile of those dear to us; the evidence daily returning of increasing love; and as the heart has expanded with its growing affections, and the mind has unfolded before the light of knowledge shining on the youthful soul, we have found joys in the retirement of the fireside, such as wealth cannot purchase. We have had joy in striving to do good, in being like Him who went about doing good, in the sweet consciousness of having ministered to a suffering son or daughter of man; in having dried up one tear, soothed one sorrow, and made one night of mourning to be bright with hope of better times to-morrow; this has been joy that the world cannot give; and it is ours, as much of it as we desire. We have had the joys of friendship; the society of kindred minds and hearts, pure and lasting, refining, too, and elevating, reminding us of nobler companionship with angels and our Father, when we have a reunion there.

The sins, the sorrows, and the joys of the year are gone before us, and have been recorded. And say, my soul, what account hast thou to give for the year now spent? Its fifty-two Sabbaths, its three hundred and sixty-five days, as many nights, with all their opportunities of doing good, and getting good, what improvement hast thou made of them all? Let the closing days of the year, at least let the closing hours of this day be devoted to the review. [Selected.]

COMPLAINING CHRISTIANS.—Some Christians, in ordinary times, do little but complain of coldness. But who ever heard of a man's getting warm by complaining that it was cold? What if you should find a man in a cold winter's day sitting on a snow-bank, complaining in doleful strains that it was cold, and every body would freeze to death, unless it should grow warmer? "Why, sir," you would exclaim, "no wonder you are cold, to sit there idle on a snow-bank. If you would not freeze to death, go to a fire and warm yourself, or else go to work and stir your blood." Very well. If you are a Christian, complaining of coldness, go to the fire and warm yourself—the fire that burns on God's altar, in your secret place; and then go to work and keep yourself warm. There is enough to do in the Lord's vineyard. If you sit idle, doing nothing but complaining of yourself and your brethren, your spiritual blood will stagnate, your graces will wither and die, and you will have nothing left but the miserable ossified carcass of a dead profession. But, if you bestir yourself, and enter with your whole heart into the Lord's work, you will not have time to think of being cold.

There is a dreadful tendency, in spiritual as well as natural coldness, to produce torpor and stupidity. When a man is on the point of freezing, he feels this torpor coming over him, and is strongly inclined to sit down and make no more effort. But yielding to this feeling is certain death. His only hope is to keep stirring, to keep up the vital warmth, and prevent the stagnation of his blood. So in the case of one who has taken an over-dose of opiates. It is death for him to keep still. He will fall into a dead sleep, from which he can never be awakened. And, in like manner, coldness in religious affections induces spiritual sloth; spiritual sloth indulged leads to spiritual slumber, and spiritual slumber to spiritual death.

If Christians would "strengthen the things which remain, and are ready to die," they must use what strength they have. Labour increases a man's strength, while indolence enfeebles the body. When a man is recovering from disease, if he would regain his strength, he must use what strength he has. And, if you would increase your spiritual strength, or recover what you have lost, you must use what you have. If you would have your graces strengthened, you must give them exercise. If you would have your love of souls increased, you must use what you have, in prayer and efforts to save them. If you would strengthen your love to the brethren, you must use it in seeking their spiritual welfare, and in holding communion with them concerning the things of the kingdom. If you would increase your love to God, you must exercise it in the contemplation and admiration of his glorious perfections. Would you increase your faith?—use it by trusting in God, laying hold of his promises, and resting on Christ. Would you increase your spirit of prayer?—use it in communing with God and interceding with others. Would you increase your patience?—use it in bearing affliction; or your meekness?—in suffering injury without resentment. Would you increase your spiritual joy?—use it by directing it toward those objects which call it forth. Would you strengthen your hope of eternal life?—exercise it by contemplating those unseen joys which so often filled the apostle with rapture, and gave him a hope "full of immortality."

THE CONTRAST.—I saw a vast multitude of the sick and dying, all fast hastening to death, and I heard a voice saying to each and all, "There is life for the asking," and there was but one or two of all that company raised their voices to beg the boon.

I saw a band of weary travellers, in a sandy desert, parched with thirst, and faint beneath the rays of a burning sun; and I heard a voice saying to them, "There is water for the seeking. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" and directly in sight appeared a cool and sparkling fountain, gushing from a rock which threw its deep shadow across the "weary land;" and but few there were who made the effort to reach the grateful shade of the rock, or to slake their thirst in its waters.

"There is gold for the digging," proclaims another voice; thousands of eager questioners cry, "Where? where?" "Far, far away over the waters, across the dangerous passes of the mountains: danger and disease must be met, privation and hunger must be braved—but what of all that? there is gold for the digging, at the end." And how they throng, and press, and crowd, to reach that far-off land!

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what," when it is lost, "shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

PEACE AT HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house; a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's characters? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbour's house. If any thing go wrong, or be out of time, or be disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not therefore believe that what is so natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper unless we could prove that we ever gained any thing by giving way to it. Fits of ill humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.—*Philip*.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.—The editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal has a leading editorial on Temperance, written in good temper, and which we hope may do great good. One of the paragraphs reads thus: "When a panic is raised in our city in consequence of a report that the dogs are becoming affected with hydrophobia, an ordinance is passed, authorizing the demolition of all the canine race found at large. Nobody inquires who owns the unlucky dog found running in the streets, or how much he was worth to his owner,—he is instantly knocked on the head, flung into a cart, and dumped off the wharf. A mad bullock in the streets is shot, and the owner asks no questions, but sustains the loss in silence, for fear that, in addition to the loss of the animal, he may be mulcted in damages. Our Common Council claim the right to keep the slaughter-houses from the dense and business portions of the city; and in the time of cholera to order away the swine, and so to regulate the markets as to prevent the introduction of articles of food which might superinduce the disease. All this is meddling with private rights, and seriously affecting many branches of profitable business; but is based upon the great social principle, that no individual has a right to pursue a business for his individual benefit that is injurious to the body politic."

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.—Some years since, there died a minister who for more than forty years had preached the gospel with singular success, having added many hundreds of members to his rural church, besides having been very greatly blessed in his numerous occasional labours and revivals in other places. A young candidate for the ministry was surprised at the abundant success of one, who, though a most faithful, feeling, and most devoted pastor, was remarkable neither for learning nor eloquence. He asked his respected senior to what he ascribed his success in the ministry of reconciliation. The good man replied with an humble allusion to the distinguishing grace of a sovereign God as the general reason; but added, that if there was any special ground of accounting for it in an instrumental way, it was in consequence of his thoroughly practising a piece of advice received from Dr. Backus, of Somers, with whom he had studied theology. The advice was, that, in all his ministrations, he should have special regard to *the young under twenty, and the old over sixty*.

Perhaps there never was a more important practical counsel given for pastoral work. The highest success in the ministry may well be expected among these two classes, of which the one has not yet become fully involved in the whirlpool of worldly cares, and the other is just beginning to escape from its giddy maze. We respectfully suggest, that ministers who adopt this advice will find themselves more deeply seated in the affections and confidence of their people; and more richly rewarded as reapers, in gathering their sheaves from these most promising portions of the field.—*Puritan Recorder*.

GOD'S BOOK FOR MAN'S INTELLECT.—The imagination of man will find its aliment. If high things and pure things are not within its reach, it will condescend to things of low estate. If it is not restrained, it will run riot; if it is not elevated by what is holy, it will be corrupted and debauched by what is base.

Here, as in every thing else that is rational and right, God's transcendent Word comes in with its ministrations to man's necessities. It feeds the imagination with the loftiest sublimities,—with the purest and noblest conceptions of the beautiful. Let him who would expand, and elevate, and invigorate his imagination to the highest degree, go not to the creations of human fancy, to the drama of Greece, to the oratory of Rome, or to the romances of German genius. Let him turn away from the Iliad and the Æneid, from King Lear and Othello. Let him nurture his soul where John Milton fed before he gave existence to the immortal poem of Paradise. Let him contemplate those scenes which inspired a Bunyan to his matchless allegory, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. Let him listen to the lyre of David, and the rapt sublimities of Isaiah. Let him give ear to the mystic utterances of Habakkuk, and gaze on the gorgeous panoramas of the Apocalypse. Let him open his soul to that "oldest choral melody, the book of Job, so like the summer midnight with its seas and stars."

Here is enough to stimulate the most torpid soul, enough to task the most aspiring intellect, enough to gratify the most fastidious taste, enough to satisfy the cravings of all created mind, whether human or angelic. Go to the Bible! ye who yearn for the beautiful and ennobling, unmingled with the degrading and the poisonous. Spend your nightly studies on the Word of God, man of taste, and lover of the lovely! Nowhere else will your intellectual hungerings be so fully satisfied. "While the King sitteth at his table, his spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. His plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams out of Lebanon."

THE YOUNG CONFESSOR.

BY DR. HUIE.

From out of babes' and sucklings' lips our God doth perfect praise,
And oft to minds unlearned and rude reveals his wondrous ways;
And vainly Rome attempts to spread her dark Egyptian night,
O'er lands and hearts where God has said, "Let there be gospel light!"

An Irish girl had sought the school where Bible truths were taught,
And there had read the hallowed page with wisdom's lessons fraught;
And, as she read, by grace divine was led her heart to give
To him who left the courts of heaven, and died that she might live.

Her grandam was an ancient dame, in Romish fetters bound,
Who knew not of the precious friend the simple child had found;
But mourned and feared her little charge had cast her soul away,
Because she would not go to mass, nor to the Virgin pray.

"You must not to that school return," from day to day she said,
"Tis taught by wicked heretics, who from the Church have stray'd."
At times she added tempting gifts, at times in anger chid,
But still the child contrived to go, and would not be forbid.

At length the dame in terror cried, "The Virgin will be wroth,
If you persist and I permit, and so will punish both."

"I fear her not," the child replied, without the least alarm,
"She does not know, or if she did, she could not either harm."

"Hush! say not so," the frightened crone rejoined in solemn tone,
"Tis sinful thus to speak of her who fills the eternal throne;
The Virgin is the queen of all, and she must surely know
Whate'er is done in heaven above, or in the earth below."

"Nay, nay," returned the fearless child, "no royal state has she,
The Saviour's grace converted her, as it converted me.
She knew no more on earth than did the rest of womankind,
For three whole days she lost her son, nor could the wand'rer find!"

LAYS OF THE COVENANTERS.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

"A dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the moorland and wood—
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying."—HISLOP.

This poem refers to the darkest period of Scotland's dark history—between the Restoration and the Revolution—a time, during the whole of which, her annals may be said to have been traced in blood. From the sending down of the highland host, as it was called, in the end of the year 1677, to waste and depopulate the western counties, where the Presbyterian interest was strongest, to the day when indignant Britain hurled the tyrant James from his throne, the miserable peasantry of Ayrshire and Galloway, more especially, enjoyed not the breathing space of a day; and if the persecution appeared at any season to relax, it was simply because the agents of oppression found no more spoils to gather, and no more victims to destroy.

On the 20th July, 1680, Richard Cameron, with a handful of his followers, fell, not without a brave resistance, at Ayrsmoss. The head and hands of Cameron were severed from his body, and with a cold-blooded ferocity, strongly characteristic of the times, and of the men, they were carried by the dragoons of Earlshall to Edinburgh, and exposed before the eyes of his old father, who had long lain a prisoner there. With the very wantonness of cruelty, they taunted the bereaved parent by asking if he knew the ghastly relics? "I know, I know them!" said the poor old man, "they are my dear, dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days!" This anecdote affords as fair an illustration as can be given, of the spirit which animated the two parties. Cameron's headless body was buried where he fell, and to that lone grave did Alexander Peden, a fellow-labourer in the gospel, repair, and, sitting down by the spot where his friend of many years had at last found the rest they had both so often wearied for, he could not repress the heart-wrung ejaculation, "O, to be wi' thee, Ritchie!"

Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.

A sound of conflict in the moss! but that has passed away,
And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied lay;
But when the sun a second time his fitful splendors gave,
One slant ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new-made grave!

There had been watchers in the night! strange watchers gaunt and grim,
And wearily—with faint lean hands, they toiled a grave for him—
But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled rest,
As orphaned children sat they down, and wept upon his breast!

O! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones then—
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men;
They burrowed, few and lonely, 'mid the chill, dank mountain caves,
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr graves!

A sword had rested on the land—it did not pass away—
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned no brighter day;
And many had gone back from them, who owned the truth of old,
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold!

—There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place of rest,
He cast him down upon the sod—he smote upon his breast—
He wept as only strong men weep, when weep they must, or die—
And, "Oh! to be wi' thee, Ritchie!" was still his bitter cry!

"My brother! O, my brother! thou hast passed before thy time,
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple land of crime;
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful band—
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine hand?"

"Alas! alas! for Scotland! the once beloved of Heaven—
The crown is fallen from her head—her holy garment riven—
The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,
And the voice speaks loud in judgment—which in love she would not hear!"

“Alas! alas! for Scotland! for her mighty ones are gone,
Thou, brother—thou art taken—I am left almost alone;
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is dried and lost,
A feeble and an aged man—alone against a host!

“O, pleasant was it, Ritchie, when we two could counsel take,
And strengthen one another to be valiant for His sake—
Now seems it as the sap were dried, from the old blasted tree,
And the homeless—and the friendless—would fain lie down with thee!”

It was an hour of weakness—as the old man bowed his head,
And a bitter anguish rent him, as he communed with the dead;
It was an hour of conflict—and he groaned beneath the rod—
But the burden rolled from off him as he communed with his God!

“My Father! O, my Father! shall I pray the Tishbite’s prayer,
And weary in the wilderness, while thou wouldst keep me there?
And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,
To testify for Zion’s King, and the glory of His throne?”

“O, Jesus! blessed Jesus! I am poor, and frail, and weak,
Let me not utter of mine own—for idle words I speak—
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my faltering tongue,
And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be strong!

—“I bless Thee for the quiet rest thy servant taketh now—
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow—
For every weary step he trod in faithful following Thee,
And for the good fight foughten well—and closed right valiantly!

“I bless Thee for the hidden ones who yet uphold Thy name,
Who yet for Zion’s King and Crown shall dare the death of shame—
I bless Thee for the light that dawns even now upon my soul,
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the goal!

“The hour and power of darkness—it is fleeting fast away—
Light shall arise on Scotland—a glorious gospel day—
Wo! wo! to the opposers, they shall shrivel in His hand—
Thy King shall yet appear for thee, thou covenanted land!

“I see a time of respite—but the people will not bow—
I see a time of judgment—even a darker time than now—
Then, Lord, uphold Thy faithful ones—as now Thou dost uphold—
And feed them as Thou still hast fed, Thy chosen flock of old!

“The glory! O, the glory; it is bursting on my sight,
Lord! thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding light!
Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let thy kingdom come,
And, Lord, even in Thine own best time, take Thy poor servant home!”*

Upon the wild and lone Ayrsmoss, sank down the twilight gray,
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day;
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given—
And Cameron’s grave had proved to him the very gate to heaven!

Foreign Missions.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. S. WOODSIDE.

Mission Retreat, Landour, Sept. 4th, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. WYLIE,—Yesterday I received the February number of the “Banner,” in which I notice a part of a letter written by me just a year ago, on the subject of a house at this place. When I wrote that letter I had very little idea that my wishes should so soon be realized. I have in the peculiar providence of God been living for nearly three months in a house much superior to any I had ever expected to occupy at this place, and obtained at a rate for which we could not erect the “little

* Peden was by many supposed to possess the spirit of prophecy.

house" that fancy a year ago contemplated in the distant future. For the benefit that has been thus conferred upon our mission and ourselves as individuals, we are indebted under God to the prompt manner in which you came forward to second the project, and the prompt action of a known friend of the mission, who in his usual manner did not wait to see what others might do, but at once resolved that he would do some thing, and *as quickly* put his resolution into practice. I have in a former note expressed our gratitude for this favour, and I do again to all and every individual who may have contributed any thing, however little, to this object. I hope it will be seen in the end, that the funds have been *well* expended. In a mere financial point of view this is undoubtedly the case, for we could sell out any day at more than twenty per cent. advantage. The Roman Catholics were very anxious to secure this place, and but for the fact that the priest did not know in time to consult his Bishop, they would have purchased it, for the purpose of establishing a school for the children of Europeans. They are now building on the adjoining hill, and their establishment will cost a very large sum of money. It is most astonishing with what readiness they can procure money, just as much as they wish, whenever a suitable object presents itself. Their object in this country appears to be proselytism amongst Europeans. They have a convent at Missouri, which is about two miles from where I write. You are doubtless aware that Landour and Missouri are two adjoining hills or ranges of hills, of which Landour is the higher; but they are properly one and the same sanatorium. At the above convent children are received for education under the most solemn pledges of neutrality as regards religion. A great many Protestants are so far deceived as to send their children to this Jesuitical institution. It is called the "Convent of the Society of Jesus and Mary." There are two priests and eight *nuns* I believe connected with it. Only girls are educated at the convent. The building which is now being erected is for *boys*. They have hitherto had the boys' department at Agra on the plains, but as most parents like to have their children in a good climate, the priests are not slow to discover that their school will be more successful at Landour than at Agra. Consequently, so soon as the necessary buildings are erected here, it will be removed. The English mind, as well as the American mind, I am sorry to say, seems to labour under a strong infatuation with regard to Popery. Although they see it gradually encroaching and eating the very vitals out of their own church, yet they so far trust it as to commit the eternal interests of their immortal children to its Jesuitical teachings. Is it any wonder that numbers of them eventually go over to the "Mother Church?" I believe two or three persons have this year gone over at this place to Popery. One gentleman, a lieutenant, I know has gone over, and it is said he is making great efforts to get his wife with him. She, however, holds firm as yet against his persuasions. In this part of India, the sympathies of the Roman Catholic priest are entirely engrossed with the heretic English. He has not a single ray of sympathy for the idolatrous natives. In other parts of India this is not the case, but this fact shows us the true nature of Popery. It is not the salvation of souls that is the Pope's object, but the aggrandizement of the church and himself as her head. It is no wonder that at this place Popery should receive attention. I once before mentioned that the chaplain at this station is a thorough-going Puseyite, and were his views to be faithfully carried out, there would soon be very little distinction be-

tween his own and the Catholic ceremonies. Old *Father Mary* (one of the Catholic priests here) is in his estimation, much nearer the truth than the Saharanpur missionaries. We were not a little amused the other day, to hear of his efforts with one of *our church members*. This lady in June last became a member of our church on examination, and attends at our house on Sabbath, where we have religious ordinances in our accustomed manner. Since that time the chaplain and a lady friend of his, who is a genuine disciple of Dr. Pusey, have paid the most marked attention to our friend, and not many days ago their designs leaked out. On several occasions she had been told by the lady above referred to, that the Saharanpur missionaries did not belong to the Presbyterian church, that they were not the same as the Church of Scotland, or the Free Church, but that they were "Cameronians," and she had always looked upon Cameronians as upon a par with Roman Catholics or worse, (for the same lady has very little objection to fraternize with Roman Catholics any day.) The comparison was merely used for effect. But the chaplain was not content with the lame advocacy of his female friend; he took up the matter himself, and very plainly insinuated that the Saharanpur missionaries were mere laymen, who had no authority whatever to preach the gospel, while he enlarged upon Episcopal authority, and the nearness of relationship between the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches,—likening the Roman Catholic Church to one of our mountain oaks, upon which multitudinous *parasites*, in the way of *fungi*, *ferms*, &c., adhere, and said, that "if these were brushed off, the good old tree would be as sound as ever." It was sound at the core. These parasites merely affect the bark, and disfigure the outside. Such is the teaching of a clergyman of the "Church of England," and such are the arguments of a Jesuitical chaplain, trying to win over a member of our church. But all his efforts will be useless. The lady belongs to a Scotch Presbyterian family, and her husband is a worthy Scotchman; and moreover, an "American citizen," having spent a portion of his life in the Western world. He is too well acquainted with the relation of "Cameronians" to other Presbyterians, to be frightened from his connexion with us by hearing us represented as the most malignant of all dissenters.* My humble opinion is, that "Cameronians," of all others, least deserve the title of *dissenters*. From whom are we *dissenters*? Are we dissenters from the Church of England? Most assuredly not. From the Church of Scotland? No. The latter are dissenters from us. I believe we represent what was the Established Church of Scotland at one time, and that during the brightest period of her history. But the term dissenters is not now that *bugbear*, even in England that it once was. It has become the designation of the great evangelical "opposition" to the exercise of Erastian power; and is destined, at no distant day, to effect a mighty reformation in the ecclesiastical polity of the British Isles. While, therefore, solemnly protesting against the applicability of the term to the descendants of the stern old Cameronians, I have not the slightest objection to take my stand among the various Presbyterian bodies in Scotland, outside of the Establishment; with the Presbyterians and other Dissenters of England; and the mighty hosts of American Christians, in opposition to the presumptuous claims of Episcopacy wherever found. I consider Episcopacy part and parcel of the Anti-Christian system, and

* They have three children all baptized by Mr. Caldwell.

when Popery receives its final overthrow, so must this *unscriptural* and *tyrannical* form of church government be driven from even the least reformed of Reformation Churches. I have been induced to make these remarks by the insulting *manner* of the Prelacy in this land, and by what I know of its barefaced presumption wherever it is found. I believe it is not compatible with truthful bearing, for Presbyterians, and least of all Covenanters, to court the favour of Prelacy, any more than Popery, and our forefathers were not far wrong in uniformly placing them side by side in a certain portion of the morning prayer, during the Sabbath service, and also in the less exposed exercises of the society and the family, nor should I like to see the practice omitted even to this day. I did not intend spending so long with this subject, but now I have made a long enough letter, and shall therefore stop. With kindest Christian regards, I remain affectionately yours,

J. S. WOODSIDE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. JOSEPH CALDWELL.

Dated Saharanpur, Nov. 7, 1851.

I was prevented writing the last mail on account of illness. Both my family and self were attacked with intermittent fever, and were obliged to leave the station for a short time.

By letters* received from Mr. Campbell this mail, you will learn that he and Mr. Woodside have returned from the interior of the Hills with renewed health, and Mr. C's. family came down this morning. We are all, therefore, once more at the station and in good health. Mr. W. intended writing you by this mail, but has been prevented.

W. and I visited the village of Pahásu a few days since, for the purpose of establishing a vernacular school. We had a commencement made, the names of a few children were enrolled, and a teacher appointed. We trust that the divine blessing may attend our efforts there. Quite an interesting state of things exists at the village at present. Almost all the principal men of the place are decidedly favourable to Christianity, and we hope that ere long they will come out decidedly on the Lord's side.

Our services at the city church are becoming more and more encouraging. We frequently have a congregation there of more than one hundred persons, nearly all of whom generally remain all the time of the service, and pay often the deepest attention to what is said.

JOS. CALDWELL.

EXAMPLES WORTHY OF IMITATION.

We present to our readers two extracts of letters recently received from young ministers in our church, which alike exhibit a true spirit of devotion to the interests of Christ's kingdom.

"I have just received your note, calling attention to the proposed collection in our churches. Enclosed I send you what our congregation has done for "Foreign Missions" in its own way.

"Believing it to be our duty to be doing something in the wide field of Christian effort at the present day, at our last semi-annual congregational meeting, we resolved to take up twelve collections annually, on the first Sabbath of every month:—four for F. Missions; four for D. Missions;

* These letters have not yet come to hand.

one for A. T. Society; one for the A. Bible Society; one for Synod's Fund, and one for our Seminary.

"In accordance with the above resolution, we have taken up two collections for F. Missions,—the result of these accompany this letter. May the blessing of God go with it."

"In ——— there is no church, nor even school-house, though they have been talking of building one these last twenty years. I was preaching there on a week day. I proposed, after the sermon, instead of disputing about a church, and doing nothing as they had done for twenty years, that a number of the young men would take their axes and come with me to the woods and bring out the frame of a church. They seemed a little reluctant at first; so I laid off my coat, and borrowed, like the son of the prophet of old, an axe, and told them to follow. Five or six obeyed the call. I felled the first tree. I stayed with them three days, and by that time we had the frame hewed. . . . The frame of the church is now up, and I hope it will be finished in the course of next summer. The cause is prospering wonderfully."

Editorial.

ANNUAL COLLECTION FOR FOREIGN MISSION.

We trust this collection, appointed to be taken up on the last Sabbath of the year, has been attended to, or will yet receive the attention the cause demands. The money should at once be forwarded by mail to the Treasurer of the Board, that he may be enabled *promptly* to discharge our debt to the heathen, who are perishing for lack of that gospel which you, Christian brethren, so richly enjoy.

IRISH MISSIONS.

A great work is at present going on in the South of Ireland. Vast numbers of the poor, deluded followers of Rome, are inquiring "What they must do to be saved?" The Irish General Assembly's Board of Missions is most effective, and we rejoice to learn, by a letter from an eminent layman of our own branch of the Christian Church in Ireland, that the Reformed Presbyterian Church is about entering upon this important and interesting field of Christian effort. A small contribution towards this object from the West, which we had the pleasure, not long since, of forwarding, has greatly stimulated our transatlantic brethren.

THE SEMINARY.

The Eastern Theological Seminary commenced its sessions in the city of New York, on the first Wednesday of December. It was opened by an address from the professor, and has begun under favourable auspices. Five regular students are in attendance, and instruction is given in the original languages of the Scripture, in church history by a series of essays, and in systematic theology directly from the Scriptures, and in the use of a text book. Turretine is read, translated and analyzed, and thus the time is fully and profitably employed. We commend this school of the prophets to the countenance and support of the church.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Never, probably, in the history of our country, has there been exhibited such a wide-spread and cordial observance of a Thanksgiving-day as that for the year 1851. By an early correspondence, Governor Wood, of Ohio, called the attention of the Governors of the other States to the propriety of having some one day, when the nation might, in the length and breadth of the land, present a thank-offering to the Father of Mercies. The 27th of November was fixed upon; and, with a very slight exception, the whole country united at the same time in the solemn service. It was a gladsome sight; and, so far as engaged in with the proper spirit and effect, augured well for the country and the world. "Happy the people that are in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

In looking at the early introduction of this day among the religious observances of this country, (and more especially of the New England States,) we have been struck with the deep sense of divine obligation which marked every thing connected with its appointment and exercises. In a book styled "A Wonder-working Providence," or "History of New England," published in 1641, the author says:—"This poore people having now tasted liberally of the salvation of the Lord every way, they deemed it high time to take up the cup of thankfulness and pay their vows to the Most High God, by whom they were holden to this purpose of heart, and accordingly set apart the 16th day of October, 1633. This day was solemnly kept by all the seven churches rejoicing in the Lord, and rendering thanks for all their benefits." That this spirit was strongly participated in by the civil authorities at that early day, is evident from the fact that the Massachusetts Colony Records for October, 1633, say:—"In regard to the many extraordinary mercies which the Lord hath pleased to vouchsafe of late to this plantation, viz., a plentiful harvest, ships arrived in safety with persons of special quality and use, &c., it is ordered that Wednesday, the 16th of the present month, shall be kept as a day of public thanksgiving through the several plantations."—In the spirit of these recommendations the Thanksgiving-day was one of great and important interest. Sermons were preached, the annual meetings of congregations and benevolent societies were held, family gatherings were had where the pleasures of friendly intercourse were rigidly intermingled with devotional exercises, and the whole day was so spent as to promote the moral and spiritual well-being of the community at large. This was right, honouring alike to the day and to the people.

While, however, it is desirable that such a day should be observed, and while it is becoming more and more universal, there are fears that it may, ere long, if it is not already, be a day of indulgence, and in some respects, of evil. The temptation is for the multitude to pass readily from a morning spent in the sanctuary to an afternoon and evening of almost unlimited license. Hence a greater number of theatres and other places of amusement are opened on that day and evening in our large cities than on any other, and in some parts of the country the ball and the dance, with their attendant dissipations, must close the day.

In view of this state of things, a number of ministers and others in this city, (and we speak of it because it has been more particularly under our own eye,) have for some time past been in the habit of

having their churches open for some kind of exercises in the afternoon or evening, as well as in the morning. Some society is made to hold its anniversary, or the claims of some great cause of benevolence and philanthropy are presented—or special effort is urged to have at least a portion of the day spent in visiting the poor and needy, and sharing with them the plentiful bounties of Providence, for which grateful thanks had been expressed. Thus the attention of large numbers is directed to wholesome objects, and the mind and heart alike are improved. In several instances large Union Meetings have been held, in which the various evangelical denominations assembled in some central place, and participated in such religious exercises as were calculated to strengthen the bonds of morality and Christian intercourse.

As assemblages of this kind, however, are always of a general and somewhat promiscuous character, it was proposed this season, that as there are several congregations in the Associate, the Associate Reformed, and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, in the city, they might all be happily brought together on the afternoon of this day. Accordingly, the large and venerable church of the Rev. Dr. Wylie was selected, the different congregations were invited, and at the appointed hour the capacious house was filled by large numbers from all the above churches. Dr. Wylie presided; and each of the twelve ministers present took part in turn in the appropriate and deeply interesting exercises. It was touchingly a Union Thanksgiving Prayer Meeting; and seldom are hearts seen more tenderly flowing together, or enjoying more of the tokens of Christian fellowship and love.—As might be expected on such an occasion, reference was freely made to the privilege and the duty of brethren of like precious faith and usage in the worship of God dwelling together in closer bonds of Christian unity; and the following papers, which were unexpectedly but happily introduced, were felt to be of deep and special interest.

The first was from a minister of the Asso. Ref. Church, who has been laid aside by that wasting destroyer, the consumption. It is as follows:—

“Plymouth Street, Nov. 27, 1851.

“BRETHREN,—It was in my heart to have had a Union Prayer Meeting in my church at this hour, but I am satisfied that better arrangements have been made for it in your present place; and I will be present with you in spirit, though compelled by sore infirmity to be absent in body.

“I rejoice in your meeting as a sign for good to the Reformed churches of this city and country. We all know the solemn circumstances under which Christ prayed for his people—‘that they all may be one, that the world may believe,’ &c. The visible unity of his disciples seems indispensable in the chain of evidence to convince the world of his divine mission, and the nearer Christians approximate in the truth the greater the evil of standing aloof. The world cannot appreciate the difference between them, no explanation will suffice, and Christianity suffers. ‘That they all may be one, that the world may believe,’ and what then? The sequel shows, John xvii. 24: ‘That those whom thou hast given me (all believers, the world of believers) may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.’ Then shall He see the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Oh, my brethren, this object engaged the love of our covenant God from eternity. It

was the joy set before Christ for which he endured the cross, and shall we not be willing to spend and be spent for such a cause? Who would not feel it to be a privilege to pray for it in *secret*?—and how much more in a *Union Prayer Meeting*? Why not continue the concert at least monthly? Take it round; and O, my brethren, keep your hearts in the love of God. Pray for me, your brother in affliction.

“ANDREW BOWER.”

The next paper was introduced by an Elder of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; and after being seconded by another Elder from the Associate Church, was unanimously adopted, as follows:—

“*Resolved*, That this meeting hails with lively satisfaction the organization of every new congregation connected with the churches of the Reformation, affording, as it does, to emigrants crowding to this country, an opportunity to worship God as they were accustomed to do in the land of their fathers.

“*Resolved*, That although called, for the *present*, to labour in separate organizations, we cannot but feel deeply interested in each other’s success; and it should be our constant endeavour to cultivate relations of Christian love and friendship, and so fulfil the perfect law of liberty.”

The meeting continued to a late hour, and at length closed with a general desire that the afternoon of the next Thanksgiving-day should be spent in a similar manner. “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!”—*Chr. Inst.*

REV. ANDREW BOWER.

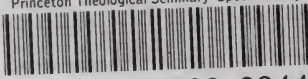
It is with heartfelt sorrow that we record the death of Rev. Andrew Bower, which took place on Wednesday, Dec. 31st, 1851. A warm-hearted, intelligent and active Christian, he manifested the genuineness and excellence of his profession by his consistent behaviour, amiable disposition, and ardent labours. Many years ago, when the missionary operations of the Reformed Presbyterian Church were in their commencement, he came forward as their zealous, diligent and successful advocate, and his interest in the subject, we believe, never abated. He was also indefatigable in his exertions to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the emigrants to our shores, who have been the victims of so much imposition, and whose moral condition has been so sadly neglected. The cause of Temperance was also dear to him, and received valuable aid from his exertions. He was a judicious, but zealous and persevering champion for the poor oppressed slave, whose sad condition excited his deep sympathy. The union of the churches of the Reformation was a subject in which he felt the greatest interest, and among the last acts of his life, was the expression of his feelings in regard to it, in a letter addressed to the Union meeting, held on the day of general thanksgiving, in the 1st Reformed Presbyterian Church in this city. It is to be hoped that some extended account of his life and character will be published by our brethren of the Associate Reformed Church, with which he was ecclesiastically connected. By his removal, a burning and shining light has been extinguished, but a bright gem has been added to the Redeemer’s glory. “The memory of the just is blessed.”

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